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STARTING WELL.

The World's Fair has gotten into Con-
gress, and yesterday saw the first move
in the game. Chicago, St. Louis and
New York were well represented, and a
good deal of interest was manifested.
The result was the adoption of a resolution
to the effect that the Speaker appoint
a Select Committee of nine men, to be
called the World's Fair Committee, to
which shall be referred all that relates to
the proposed quadri-centennial celebra-
tion of the discovery of America.

Mr. Pierson also introduced his World's
Fair bill, which will be referred to this
Special Committee when it is appointed.
This is a slight setback for Chicago,
which wished the matter to be in the
hands of the Foreign Affairs Committee.
The judicious selection of the nine may
be safely left to Mr. Rusk, and as the
nine go to the bat New York may count
on enough good batting to win the game.

THE GREAT BILL.

The Children's Bill cannot be too
promptly attended to in Albany. It was
agitated enough last year to have made
its points familiar to most of the legisla-
tors, and now that the patent justice
of its demands are sanctioned by the ap-
probation and enforcement of the Presi-
dent of the Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Children it should not lag
along.

Put it through quickly, gentlemen.
There is no reason why a good thing
should be accomplished in a listless,
loitering way. Other things being equal,
they act best who act quickest. Show
yourselves good actors.

PORTUGAL A SUPPLANT.

There is a certain pathos in the spec-
tacle of little Portugal lying to that dear
old lady, Orto von Bremen, showing
the ugly stamp of Britain's iron heel upon
her tiny frame, and beseeching that festive
ogre to turn England into confusion and
make it lift its heel.

The sun may never set on Britain's
dominion, but it is possible for the sun to
rise in the more restricted space of Salis-
bury's mind. He has treated the poor
little Kingdom of Portugal with a snub-
biness greater than he would have shown to
a powerful African chief.

If Bremen will only do something for
Portugal!

THE JUDGMENT ON THE JUDGE.

The Bar Association is dealing with
Judge BOOKSTAVEN with a neat celerity
and cold, straight justice that ought to
have an educating effect on the Assembly.
The Committee of the Bar Association to
present the memorial which Mr. LEYDARD
will take to Albany Monday afternoon.
In accordance with the lofty-minded
course which the Bar Association has
maintained from the beginning, a copy
of the memorial has been sent to Judge
BOOKSTAVEN. There will be no wounding
in his back when his official corpse is
hailed from the curule chair which he has
so inadequately filled.

OUR LITTLE AFRICA.

There is a cheerful possibility that the
negro problem may find a statesmanlike
solution in Oklahoma. There are 50,000
negroes there now, and by the end of
Spring the colored population will prob-
ably number 90,000.

The Indians, negroes and Chinese are
the social features which call for not a
little thought in our law-making. A
broad, just and satisfactory disposition of
these three elements in our heterogeneous
National composition is a task demand-
ing high statesmanship.

Inspector BYRNES very properly com-
mended the Brooklyn policeman who
arrested two of his men carrying a suspi-
cious bundle. The Brooklyn copper
did not know the detectives, and they are
too skilled in the ways that are dark and
the doors of them to feel that it is any
reflection on their appearance to be sus-
pected.

When the Emigration Commissioners
restrain the liberty of a young, healthy
emigrant, who has \$100 in cash and fifty
dollars worth of baggage, for fear he will
squander his money, the ways of effete
monarchies are more suggested than
those of the free independent United
States. Don't!

FOUGHT ANOTHER WAY.

**How a Philosophic Confederate Ac-
counted for Defeat.**

The recent death of Judge Riles in Ala-
bama, says the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle,
recalls an anecdote of the war. The able
Judge was an ardent secessionist. He
strode the huntings and moved among his
constituents like a pillar of fire. He ex-
horted the people to action and disunion,
believing with Yancy and Cobb "that
the States could make better terms out of
the Union than in it." He told his excited
hearers that Northern men were not
fighters—that the South "could whip the
Northern armies with brass knuckles."
After the bloody nature of four years
the Judge again appeared in public.
In the midst of one of his post-bellum
speeches one of his constituents in-
terrupted him that he had declared "the
South could whip the North with broom-
sticks."

"Well," said the Judge, drawing to
the front and glowing with oratory—"so
they could, but I—n—t, the North
could whip the South in the way."
The Judge carried his point.

SPOTLETS.

The six children of a telegraph man who
work at the Western Union Building have lately re-
ceived bequests of \$5,000 apiece. The man's
name is J. Gould.

Mr. Rouse is suing Mark Twain. Mark
has honest hopes of bringing down the house next
Monday.

Dr. McLeod says he really can't agree with Dr.
Abbott's broad-gauged views. Dr. Abbott says
that his assistant, Mr. Hille, has just as
wide a view. Independently of the gauge,
let Dr. Abbott get as near Hille as he can.

The Cammerer case seems to be one where she
wood and he wouldn't.

A forist is on trial for murder. Cut flowers
weren't enough for him, and he cut his landlady
to death.

There is a sort of epidemic among the 110-ton
guns. Four out of the seven have broken down.

Minnie Palmer has kicked and won't play in
"Cinderella" any more. Yet Minnie still re-
mains a slippery maiden.

An objectionable chairwoman found two bulls
tied to her desk one morning. He said this was
bulling him.

An African-American delegate couldn't get
shaved at the Palmer House. His face was
blacker than ever as the barbers disappeared.

Mr. Foster was at the official reception of Lady
Stanley. Mrs. Foster was not. Her husband is
the only one to Foster her now.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Combination is the charm of dresses.
Flannel dresses of navy blue are the best
travelling gowns for little girls.

No one has yet been able to define why women
of leisure are so fond of selecting rainy days for
shopping.

New white gowns and silk laces in long
point patterns are now used for trimming dark
velvets.

Among the more recent importations of laces
are the gulleps in alternate open and close
square, in wide bands and in deep style.

The drapery of the latest Parisian gowns is
straight in outline. It is confined to lace and
such clinging fabrics as crepe de Chine.

Some of the new delicate dresses have Greek
drapery about the shoulders, which forms a
short skirt.

Metalline galleons in gold, silver and steel are
extensively used.

Many women have pretty manures sets at
home, and take delight in changing the sets at
their favorite combing friends. Seated before
a little marble-topped table, in a cunningly
trimmed apron to keep the pink powder off their
gowns, and armed with the slender, curved
pointed scissors, they make a lovely picture.

It is admitted that not in years has the study
of dress been carried to such a degree of refine-
ment as at present.

Very pretty "Red Ridinghood" pen wipers are
made from the washing bowls of fowls dyed
with scarlet cloths and black petticoats. The follow-
ing lines printed to the apron of each, explain
the practical use to which it is heretofore in-
tended to be applied:

"Once I was a merry thought
Gleaming in a hen;
Now I am a little slave,
Made to wipe your pen!"

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Matt Rice, the plucky little boxer of the Va-
rums Boat Club, wears a very determined air
when sparring. He is a pleasant-looking little
chap, with black hair and eyes and a fresh com-
plexion. His muscles are cut in good style.

Fred Schermer is a very earnest worker for
the glory of his Club, the Pastime. He is a clever
man with his dukes. He spars in the 120-pound
class. He feels defeat keenly, but it is not often
he experiences it.

Frederick H. Benedict is one of the top-notch
boxers among the members of the New York
Stock Exchange. His bowling stock is away
above par, almost as high as Chemical Bank
stock, and never suffers any slumps in the
market.

P. F. Troian, of the Manhattan Athletic Club,
trolls merrily along the path to fame. His nose
is his fortune, or at least his fame. He is a
batterer of boxers, and his cleverness and use of
the popular athletes of his Club.

WORLDLINGS.

"Mme. Bonaparte Batard, the granddaughter
of Lucien Bonaparte, is now seventy years of
age, but is still a woman of fascinating presence
and great charm of manner.

The Empress of Russia is said to be extremely
shy in her manner. She is said to be the
shiestest personage. She has the same blue
eyes that her sister, the Princess of Wales, has,
but lacks the latter's regular features.

Katherine's head is unusually large and his fore-
head remarkably broad. His head is set on a
thick neck, and the shoulders below are broad
and strong.

Prof. David Smith, the famous Chicago
preacher, says that the fact the first sermon
he tried to preach would have discouraged most
men from continuing in the ministry.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Her Father.
Professor X. would oft bestow
His curse on me as I lay alone,
Would I were a miser, a miser, a miser,
Would I were a miser, a miser, a miser,
And I could ever have him to see.

One day I met with a girl,
Of beauty and of grace,
She was a girl, a girl, a girl,
She was a girl, a girl, a girl,
And I could ever have her to see.

I met her oft walking, though
I did not know her name,
One day I followed her (she said),
And I met her, a girl, a girl, a girl,
And I could ever have her to see.

The Chicago Version.
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
It is ever so sorry there is no place like home,
If I had a home, I would live there,
If I had a home, I would live there,
If I had a home, I would live there.

The Reason.
[From Henry's Weekly]
Judicious—London is a very foggy city.
Johnson—No wonder. Think how long
Victoria is reigning.

Antelope
note like eagle on its eagle, more like eagle. All
Broughton, 30 Park place, N.Y.

MAKING UP PRETTY FACES.

**Well Nelson Tells About Aids to
Female Beauty.**

**A Regimen Which Assures Bright
Eyes and Clear Complexions.**

I had my face "made up" last Satur-
day, and I declare I was so beautiful that
the city editor didn't know me when I
took my copy in. There were poppies in
my lips, roses in my cheeks, carnations in
my ears, subtle curves above my eyes,
and blue blood lines about my temples
and throat. The scent of Cape jasmine
flowers was in my hair, my finger nails
were touched with crimson, and my hands
were white as alabaster and redolent with
the perfume of a bridal bouquet.

I haven't the remotest idea what sort of
rouge was used on my face, but there's a
dash of it still on my chin, and as I write
I have one pale-pink cheek left.

The operation took two hours and cost
me \$2, but it was a good investment, for
I acquired \$20 worth of cosmology and
learned a lot of short cuts to facial beauty.

I was seated in a low slipper chair be-
fore a window overlooking Fifth avenue,
wrapped in a pair of snowy white minif-
fours to protect my dress, and in the
beautifier worked she talked faces and
lotions.

"I don't make up" complexioners any
more," Mme. Rowland confided to me.
"I restore" them by means of face mas-
sage. Your face is in a bad condition.
It needs cleaning; it hasn't been properly
washed for a long time."

Unpleasant as the statements were to
hear, I was forced to admit their correct-
ness, for my face is in a bad condition.
I have a blue nose, green-gray eyes with
straggly lashes and stubby brows, thick
lips, enormous ears, a cavernous mouth
that fairly yawns and an upper lip far too
short to keep it covered. My complexion
is similar to an underskinned ham, and
my skin has an ugly habit of peeling off
like a pickled codfish exposed to dry
weather.

I confessed to the madame that my face
hadn't been properly washed since I left
the nursery, and begged her to give me
the massage or anything else that would
reduce my unsightliness.

"How many treatments would you like?"

"How many do you give?" I asked.

"Generally three a week. I will take
care of your face for \$25 a month if you
like, or you can take old treatments at \$2
each."

That suited my little leather purse bet-
ter, and she began, as she said, "to re-
store the natural freshness and color with
massage."

A small toilet table was wheeled within
reach, containing a cracker jar full of
soft merino rags—clippings from a useful
garment—a jar of cold cream, and by
actual count twelve glass bottles filled
with balms, oils, ointments and lotions of
unknown compounds.

She slipped a ruby finger-bowl with hot
water, got a cake of fine white soap, and
with a small soft sponge proceeded to
wash my face.

That done, she dried it with a piece
of merino and then rubbed it red
with the palm of her hand. After that
she applied the cold cream, working with
oil into my skin and then nipping, pinch-
ing, tapping, snapping and rubbing my
nose, cheeks, chin and forehead until I
was as sore as though I had been run
through a wringer.

"This is the massage, you understand.
I want to stir the circulation, raise the
temperature, open the pores and start a
free perspiration. The sweat glands in
your face are not active. Your nature is
cold, I take it. Now, what would you
like to drink? You must have a hot
draught of something—milk, tea, cocoa,
bouillon or boiled cider."

"May I have coffee?"

"I'll rather you would not. It is bad.
It discolors the skin. You needs bright-
ening. Sumpson, you take milk? Don't
you know how white babies are?"

A red-cheeked maid in a white cap and
black apron answered the bell and returned
soon with a chocolate pot full of hot
milk, which I drank in sips. It had the
desired effect, and between the massage
manipulations I received I was as hot as a mid-
summer noonday and streaming at every
pore.

One by one the twelve bottled lotions
were applied to my face with vigorous
pinching, rubbing and patting. The
round made, my face was dried in a
dozen rags, but the skin kept warm and
moist.

The great secret of a nice skin,
heat and moisture. A dry skin is the
sign of a disordered system. Now for a
light make-up. There are various kinds
—one for evening dress, one for demis-
dress and one for the street, I'll give you
the street touches—pouring one drop of
blood-red rouge and three drops of rose
water in a porcelain tray, applying the
mixture to my cheeks with a fine hair
brush and spreading it over with a bit of
netting.

"I'll tell you how I gauge. I make the
cheeks the same color as the lips, and tint
the ears to match the pink lining of the
eyes. The touch on the chin is a match
for the rest of the face."

I did and ended.

"Now for the eyes. Most people have

dark rings under the eyes, which has the
effect of sinking them and making them
small. Now, let me raise yours."

Dipping the brush in a glass of water
and then in the rouge cup, she painted the
"sinker rings" pink, rubbed it in a
shade paler, and asked if the effect was
not fine?

She brushed and combed my lashes and
brows with a miniature comb and
brush, arched the brows with a few lead
pencil strokes, and with a blue crayon
outlined the veins in my temples.

That done, a touch of rouge was put
in my nostrils, and, bathing my hands in
a milk of some forgotten lily, she dried
them in perfumed powder and went over
my finger nails with crimson pigment.

"Don't!" she said. "Never bite your
lips. You'll ruin them. You weaken the
nerves, crack the skin and make them
thick. Better paint them a thousand
times."

After that lecture she applied a rose
sponge that stayed on through the biting,
sipping, eating and bathing of a whole
week.

"My heart is in my profession," said
Mme. Rowland. "My pride is my suc-
cess, and I don't mind telling you that
any woman can preserve her beauty and
youth if she sleeps enough and keeps her
stomach in order."

"Any one can sleep. If not at night,
then through the day: only get it some
time, and average nine hours, although
twelve will make the eyes dance."

"Avoid coffee, hot bread and pastries.
Eat sparingly of meat, and never swal-
low a mouthful of meat or butter that is
not easy to masticate. No meat is better
than tough meat, and cooper chips are
quite as nutritious."

"Eat plenty of soft-boiled eggs; there
is nothing better for breakfast. Make
fruits half the diet. They are all good,
prunes and apples especially so in this
climate. Nuts are harmless if eaten with
salt, and there is no better drink than
milk."

"As a tonic take a glass of claret at
dinner. Don't get in the habit of using
pills. They are ruinous. A glass of
vichy is good, and hunsyati water a better
remedy."

"Do I go out much? Not unless I
am well paid. I must have \$10 to 'make
up' a lady at her own house. If she
comes here, I only charge \$5. There is a
touch about these party treatments that
society ladies don't understand."

"First I want the hair dressed, and the
lady in her toilet—everything on but the
bodice and gloves. Then I go at her
hands first, next her arms and shoulders,
then neck and ears, and the face proper
last of all. And I want light! I must
have the room ablaze and the toilet-table
covered with lamps."

"Even then I am not satisfied, for
most of the ballrooms and all the public
places of amusement are lit by electricity
—a fearful test for even natural beauty."

"How many women in society use
cosmetics? Just as many as use soap.
There is no harm in a little powder,
rouge and crayon; the harm is in mis-
using them."

"You would be amused at the coyness
of the ladies who come in here and the
little lies they try to impose on me.
They use false names, insist on being
alone here and in the saloon, and the
new-comers will look me straight in the
eye and tell me they never use a thing for
the color in their lips and cheeks."

"Yes, I believe, or pretend to believe
them. What does it matter anyway?"

After all, beauty is only a matter of
money and prudence. With nothing to
do but study my glass, and \$25 a month
to spare for face massage, I could be as
pink and pretty as a picture—some pic-
ture.

NELL NELSON.

TOM SCOTT'S BUSINESS NERVE.

Playing Cards and Dictating Tele-
graphic Dispatches at the Same
Time.

While in Philadelphia Mr. Malby, of
the Lafayette Hotel, told me that it was
at his home on the sea-coast at Monmouth
Beach, that he could teach the Texas
Pacific property of C. T. Johnson, a Scot-
tish and enabled that magnate to end his
possession. Mr. Malby thinks, of
\$400,000, says a writer in the Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.

Col. Scott borrowed \$150,000 that Sum-
mer he was at his house, and with that
money he brought his fortunes up.
His girlhood was spent in barracks, or
in the baggage-wagon moving from
place to place, and at the age of seven-
teen he was in the hands of the Sheriff of
Alameda, of the same regiment.

Her wanderings again commenced, and
her family, consisting of nine children,
were borne in different parts of the world
—Canada, India, the West Indies and
Ireland.

After his discharge from the army with
many honors, "Colonel-Sergeant" Allen be-
came the governor of the old lock-up
which stood at the foot of Liberty Street,
while his wife officiated as matron. When
this was abolished, he continued until
his death, twenty years ago, to look after
the Court House prison, which occupied
the basement floor of the Sheriff Court.

In consideration of her long service as
matron of the lock-up and Court House
prison, Mrs. Allen enjoyed a noble
pension from the city until her death.

"I went upstairs," said Mr. Malby,
and told Col. Scott that I thought Mr.
Scott was aware that he was in his
room."

"Tell him," said Scott, "that I will
see him after awhile."

"Could he see me in his head which
was always indicative of what he meant
to convey. I knew by the meaning of
that eye from the outset that he was cer-
tainly saw each other, and instead of
having to wait Col. Scott's pleasure,
Scott and Huntington took him to New
York in Scott's private car."

"At that time was fixed up the purchase
of Scott's property upon a basis which
brought the estate out. When we went to
Scott's room on the occasion referred to
me, I was especially struck by his genius for
doing two things at once. He was play-
ing cards, of which he was very fond, and
he would hold his hand and play it and
dictate answers to telegraph dispatches in
provisional order, and he seemed to lose his
play, and yet his mind handled a wide
variety of business in the midst of his
pleasure."

LIDDY'S BABY.

[BY THE EVENING WORLD POET.]

It's alters a pity to see a real pretty
girl's "baby" named for a baby.

But after Liddy was shirers untidy,
"No fall of her capers, y' know."

Es well as I could in my wanderhood,
I tried to be to her a mother.

But spite of my talkin' she'd go off a walkin'
With this un'nd that an'nd tother.

She laughed at my fess'n'nd pulled my old
ears.

In a lovin' sort of a way;
Well, now, don't y' know, I loved Liddy so,
What under the sun could I say?

Well, things went along 'nd nothin' wuz
wrong.

Last night so far as I know;
'Nd then, by and by, one evening when I
Wuz lookin' my farm accounts through.

Up comes my young miss 'nd gives me a kiss,
"Ta," sez she, "Bill Thomas wants me."

Well, things went along 'nd nothin' wuz
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